Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolke what saist thou to this?
Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.
King. Mowbray, impartial are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.
Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest,
Three parts of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
The other part reseru'de I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vexe my greeued soule:
Ah but ere I last receiu'de the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloude chamberd in his bosome,
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our trial day.
King. VVrath kindled gentleman bee ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This wee prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and bee agreed,
Our Doctors say this is no month to bleede:
Good Vncle let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Harry, when obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.
King. Norfolke throw downe wee bid, there is no boote.
Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgrasle, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud